

Weeping Mother's Garland.

In Four PARTS.

PART I. The sorrowful Mother's Complaint of a bad Daughter.

PART II. The dying Mother's advice to her dear Daughter at the hour of departure.

PART III. Seeing her Mother's death she fell into a swoon, in which she lay several hours, with the manner how her spirit was tormented, up and down, and what she saw whilst she lay in this slumber.

PART IV. Her good advice to her old consorts, desiring them to amend their wicked lives: concluding with her resolution to serve God 'till the hour of her Death.



Licensed and entered according to order.

(2)

T H E

Weeping Mother's GARLAND. &c.



P A R T I.

Tune of, Aim not too high.

BEHOLD in tears my pen in hand I've took,
With a design to write a little book ;
And the cause of my writing I profess,
It is to shew the grief and heaviness,

Some tender aged parents undergo,
Through stubborn wicked children who will shew
No honour unto them for want of grace,
But scoff and laugh their parents to their face.

In writing now, time will not give me leave,
To mention all those persons which do grieve
At stubborn children, I'll mention but one
Poor Mother, who was forc'd to make her moan.

Near Puddle-dock, a Porter's Widow there,
Who through a wanton daughter forced were
To spend her time in tears with grief of heart,
And she regarded not her mother's smart.

At twelve years old this creature she begun,
Her sinful, wicked, wanton race to run,
And in it she did run for seven years,
Which cost her tender mother floods of tears.

Many

&c.

Many a time within her mother's door,
 She would not come for a month's time or more,
 And on a time as she from home thus lay,
 With weeping eyes her mother thus did say :

I really think no mother's grief like mine,
 To break my aged heart is her design,
 Some parents with ten children han't such trouble
 As I have got ; with one, my grief is double.

My aged heart within me pants and bleeds,
 Of joy and comfort now I stand in need,
 She every day my sorrow doth renew,
 My Soul is grieved, Oh! what shall I do?

As she was grieving, home her daughter came,
 And then with tears her mother did her blame,
 She said, Daughter, this race which now you run,
 Will break my heart and thou wilt be undone.

Behold in tears thy aged mother weep,
 Both Day and Night, Daughter, I cannot sleep,
 For thinking on thy sad and dismal state,
 Think on thy Soul before it is too late.

As for your tears which from your eyes do fall,
 To tell the truth I mind them not at all,
 I am but young, therefore, don't me controul,
 'Tis time enough as yet to mind my soul.

Presumptuous wretch how dare you thus to say,
 How many people drop off every day,
 And have not time to say, Lord pardon me,
 If you die so, your Soul will ruin'd be.

Leave off thy course her aged mother cry'd,
 I in this world have not long to abide,
 But when I'm gone the time will come so thee,
 Wilt wish thou had'st been rul'd by me:

Many

P A R T



P A R T II.

NEXT Morning she went from her mother again,
 And she a fortnight from her did remain,
 And when she came home again as 'tis said,
 Her mother was cast on her dying bed,

Seeing her face, her dying mother said,
 Daughter behold thy aged mother laid,
 Upon her bed in grief and misery,
 Waiting when death will come and set me free.

Of all my griefs the hours are but few,
 Daughter I have for to remain with you ;
 The time is nigh at hand and we must part,
 'Tis thou hast broke thy tender mother's heart,

Daughter through thee I've suffered many years,
 And thou regardest not thy mother's tears,
 I hope my sufferings here a means will be,
 To enjoy Heaven's sweet felicity.

Where I shall have no cause to grieve at all,
 Nor floods of tears from my poor eyes to fall,
 But shall rejoice where Saints and Angels sing,
 Sweet Hallelujahs to the heavenly King.

Before that I this earthly world do leave,
 Daughter, this counsel unto thee I give,
 Forsake thy wicked way, lest thou at last,
 For sinning thus in Satan's net be cast.

No crown of glory is there to be had,
 If that's thy lot thy portion will be bad,

Nor

Nor yet the Saints and Angels for to sing,
But cries and groans of those that are burning,

Daughter think on these words that I have said,
And let thy dear mother's will be obey'd.
Fly from thy sin and turn to God, she cry'd,
Then with a sigh, and groan her mother dy'd,

And when she saw her mother really dead,
She stamp'd and tore the hair from off her head,
And with a groan she fell into a swoon,
And like one dead she drop'd upon the ground,

Some people being there all strove amain,
To bring this creature to herself again,
And by degrees at length she did revive,
And cry'd, I thanks be to God I am alive.

She cry'd, Oh! dear, where have my spirits been,
What strange amazing sights, Lord, have I seen?
I have been tormented too and fro,
What she had seen she gave them for to know.

As I in this my sad condition laid,
Two of my neighbours daughters came and said,
We see with grief you are oppress'd like us,
Come let us go where we'll not suffer thus,

Large briery woods and groves we wandered thro',
And over hills and vast high mountains too,
At length we came unto a valley where,
Was store of pleasant flowers growing there.

When having past this pleasant valley we,
A great way upon a high hill did see,
A city which was glorious to behold,
Whose gates they look'd as made with beaten gold

To them that were with me I thus did say,
 What glorious city is that, tell me pray,
 These were the words they unto me express'd,
 That is the place where fainting souls do rest.

It is the place where we hope and depend,
 Our wearied journey will be at an end
 Therefore put on let us amend our pace,
 That we may come unto this resting place.

At length we came unto this city where,
 Then at the gate a man was sitting there,
 Who said then unto us, Who would you have,
 Her answer was of you we comfort crave.

He said to us, tell me from whence you came,
 And tell one by one what is your name,
 This thing we did of which he notice took,
 Hearing our names he opened a book.

And having look'd therein he said to me,
 Within my book thy name I cannot see,
 I here have found the names of both these two,
 Begone here is no resting place for you?

This couple they have serv'd God in their youth,
 They took great care for to maintain the truth,
 But as for thee thou didst despise his grace,
 Therefore for thee here is no resting place.

This city is the new Jerusalem,
 The Lord of it will accept of them,
 But as for thee he will not entertain,
 Thou must return from whence thou cam'st again.

Hearing these Words, with Tears I begg'd and
 To be admitted in, but thus he said, [pray'd]
 This is no place for thee begone in haste,
 Least thou be in Satan's dark dungeon cast,

Then

Then in my sight the gate he opened wide,
 And my companions in he well did guide,
 And after him did shut the gate with speed,
 I being out my heart with grief did bleed.



P A R T III.

SO then with grief of soul I wept amain,
 And then homewards I did return again,
 I lost my way and to a place drew near,
 In which I many a shriek and groan did hear.

One cry'd, oh! dear, another cry'd, alas,
 It was my sins that brought me to this place,
 The sins I acted in my youthful days,
 Brought me to feel such torments now as these.

As I the place of torment pass'd by,
 A grimly creature on me cast his eye,
 And with his paws he pull'd me to his den,
 But through mercy I got from him again.

Then in that fright my senses came again,
 'Tis a great mercy that I alive remain.
 This thing shall be a warning piece, and I
 Will serve the Lord my maker till I die.

This couple is alive that was with me,
 Two pious damsels they now living be,
 In serving of the Lord is their delight,
 And honouring their parents day and night.

They never caus'd their parents for to grieve,
 And whil'st I have a day on earth to live,
 These pious creatures I will imitate,
 That I like them may enter Heaven's gate.

I do lament to my great grief and care,
Of heaven's bliss no sinner shall have share,
I'm sensible the place where sinners go,
It is a gulph of torment, grief and woe.



PART IV.

THEN she sent for her old comforts to call,
And when they came these words she said to all,
If you had seen what I have seen I'm sure,
You'd never grieve your aged parents more.

All you that have parents living I say,
For their dear lives see unto God you pray,
For be they rich or poor surely there's none,
But will be wanting when they're dead and gone.

I have no parents living for my part,
The loss of my dear mother grieves my heart,
My conscience tells me 'twas my wicked ways,
That was the shortening of my mother's days.

She was a tender mother unto me,
I took her for my foe, but now I see,
My only friend and great supporter's fled,
My mother was not miss'd till she was dead.

I am friendless left, my sins I will forsake,
And to a pious life myself betake,
My care shall be to keep God's just commands,
That he in time of need my friend may stand.

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F I N I S.